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J. FRANK GATZ, Judge Twenty-First
Judicial, De Soto, Mo.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY IRON COUNTY

COURTS:
CIRCUIT COURT is held on the
fourth Monday in April and October.
COUNTY COURT convenes on the
first Monday of March, June, September
and December.
PROBATE COURT is held on the first
Monday in February, May, August and No-
vember.

OFFICERS:
W. T. GAY, Representative.
ANDREW J. LARTY, Presiding Judge county
court.
CHARLES HART, county Judge, South-
ern District.
A. G. MOYER, county Judge, Western
District.
J. B. WALKER, Prosecuting Attorney.
P. W. WHITE, Collector.
W. A. FLETCHER, county clerk.
ARTHUR HUFF, circuit clerk.
JOS. A. ZWART, Probate Judge.
D. F. REESE, Treasurer.
W. T. O'NEAL, Sheriff.
G. G. HENDERSON, Assessor.
G. W. FARMER, S. A. Coroner.
A. W. HOLLOMAN, Surveyor.
D. H. MCNEEL, School Commissioner.

CITY OFFICERS:
Mayor, W. R. Edgar.
Marshal, J. L. Baldwin.
City Attorney,
City Clerk, W. G. Fairchild.
City Treasurer, Jos. A. Zwart.
Collector, J. L. Baldwin.
City Councilmen—L. J. Giovannoni, J. N.
Bishop, M. Claybaugh, J. H. Baldwin, Geo.
D. Marks and Henry Kendal.
Street Commissioner, J. Baldwin, M. Clay-
baugh and L. J. Giovannoni.
Fire Committee—L. J. Giovannoni, G. D.
Marks and H. Kendal.
Health Committee—J. N. Bishop, G. D.
Marks and H. Kendal.

CHURCHES:

CATHOLIC CHURCH, Arcadia College
and Pilot Knob. L. W. WERNER, Rector.
High Mass and Sermon at Arcadia College
every Sunday at 10 o'clock A. M. Vespers and
Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at 4
o'clock P. M. High Mass and Sermon at
Benediction at Pilot Knob Catholic Church
at 10:30 o'clock A. M. Sunday School for
children at 1:30 o'clock P. M.

M. E. CHURCH, Cor. Reynolds and
Mountain Streets, J. H. HURLEY, Pastor.
Residence, Ironton. Services the second
and fourth Sunday of each month at 11 A. M.
and 7 P. M. Sunday School 9:30 A. M. Class
Meeting Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.
Prayer Meeting Tuesday evening. All
are invited.

M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH, Fort Hill,
between Ironton and Arcadia. Rev. J.
M. ENGLAND, Pastor. Services every Sun-
day at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Prayer meeting
every Wednesday evening, 7 o'clock. Sab-
bath School at 9:30 A. M.

BAPTIST CHURCH, Madison street,
near Knob St., H. T. MORTON, D. D., Pastor.
Residence Ironton. Preaching on every
Saturday before the first Sunday of each
month at 2:30 P. M. and on the first and third
Sundays at 11 A. M. Sunday School every
Sunday at 9:30 A. M. and Prayer Meeting
every Tuesday evening at 7:30 P. M.

Presbyterian Church, Cor. Reynolds
and Knob streets, Ironton. Services at 11 A.
M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 9:30 A.
M. Y. P. S. G. at 9:30 P. M. Prayer Meet-
ing Wednesday, 7 P. M. G. H. DUTY, Pastor.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, Episcopal, Ironton.
Sunday School every Sunday, at 9:30 A. M.

LUTHERAN CHURCH, Pilot Knob.
Rev. OTTO PRAPPE, Pastor.

M. E. CHURCH, Corner Shepherd
and Washington streets, Ironton. H. A.
HENDRY, Pastor. Preaching every Sun-
day at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday
School at 9:30 A. M. and School Reading at 4
P. M. Literary every Tuesday night at 8.

SOCIETIES:
IRONTON LODGE, No. 544, K. C.
of P. Ironton, Mo., meets every 2d
and 4th Friday evening of each month
at Odd-Fellows Hall.
R. F. HOLLOMAN, C. C.
ARTHUR HOFF, K. of R. S.

IRON LODGE, No. 107, I. O. O. F.,
meets every Monday at its hall, corner Main
and Madison streets. CHAS. ARNSOLD, N. G.
J. T. BALDWIN, Secretary.

IRONTON ENCAMPMENT, No. 29, I.
O. O. F., meets on the first and third Thurs-
day evenings of every month in Odd-Fel-
lows' Hall, corner Main and Madison streets.
G. D. MARKS, C. P. J. T. BALDWIN, Scribe.
STAR OF THE WEST LODGE, No. 138,
A. F. & A. M., meets in Masonic Hall, corner
Main and Madison streets, on Saturday or
preceding full moon. W. H. EDGAR, W.
M. MANN RINGO, Secretary.

MIDIAN CHAPTER, No. 7, R. A.,
meets at the Masonic Hall on the first and
third Tuesdays of each month, at 7 P. M. W.
R. EDGAR, M. E. H. P. W. W. WEST, Secre-
tary.

VALLEY LODGE, No. 870,
Knights of Honor, meets in
Odd-Fellows' Hall every alternate
Wednesday evenings. W. T. GAY,
D. IRA A. MARSHALL, Reporter.

EASTERN STAR LODGE, No. 62, A.
F. & A. M. (colored), meets on the second
Saturday of each month.

IRON POST, No. 245, G. A. R.,
meets the 2d and 4th Saturdays
of each month at 2 P. M.

FRANZ DINGER, P. C.
C. R. PECK, Adj't.

IRONTON CAMP, No. 69, Sons of
Veterans, meets every 1st and 3d Saturday
evening, each month, and every Tuesday
evening for drill. C. C. DINGER,
C. R. PECK, Camp Commander.

PILOT KNOB.
PILOT KNOB LODGE, No. 253, A. O.
U. W. meets every 2d and 4th Friday
evenings, 7:30 P. M., upstairs in Union
Church.

PILOT KNOB LODGE, No. 56, I. O. O.
F., meets every Tuesday evening at their
hall. CHAS. MASCHMEYER, Secretary.

IRON LODGE, No. 30, Sons of HER-
MAN, meets on the second and last Sunday of
each month. WM. STEVENS, President.
VAL EFFINGER, Secretary.

IRON MOUNTAIN.
IRON MOUNTAIN LODGE, No. 293,
A. O. U. W., meets on the first and third
Friday of each month.

BELLEVIEW.
MASONIC LODGE, No. 55, A. F. & A.
M., meets on Saturday night or after the
full moon. E. M. LOGAN, W. M. R. J.
HILL, Secretary.

Iron County Register.

BY ELI D. AKE.

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TERMS—\$1.50 a Year, in Advance.

VOLUME XXVIII.

IRONTON, MO., THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1895.

NUMBER 41.

JOB WORK

The REGISTER's facilities for doing job
work are unsurpassed in Southeast Missouri
and return out the best of work, such as
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Envelopes, Cards, Dodgers,
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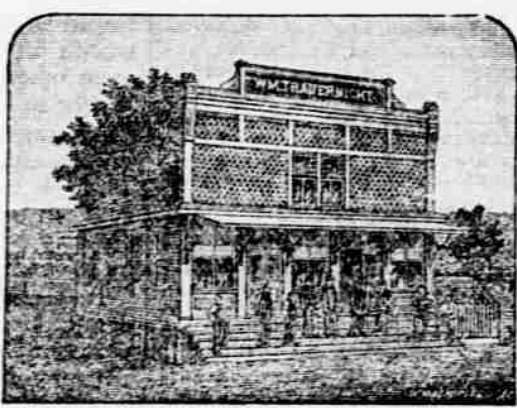
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Blacksmith's Shop.

What the Inside Pages Contain.

Second Page—Editorial Miscellany,
News and Notes, Missouri State News
and Cullings, Extra Session Called,
The Yawning Gulf, etc.

Third Page—Origin of Sunday,
Private Brown (a serial), The Outlook
for McKinley, Foreign Trade Facts,
Spring Millinery, etc.

Sixth Page—Easter Lilies, The Late
Elections, etc.

Seventh Page—The Meeks Murder
Trial, Agricultural Hints, The Mark-
ets, etc.

Down With the Tories!

It took us a generation to get rid of
the Tories after the revolution, and we
cannot afford to let them come to the
front now and control the policy of the
government which they have done so
much to undermine.

The Tories of the old days were
American citizens who openly or se-
cretly sympathized with England, and
aided the government of that country
in trying to establish its political su-
periority over the United States. The
Tories of to-day are doing precisely the
same thing in a different way. They
are leagued with foreign capitalists in
their attempt to make the American
masses their financial serfs, and they
are also endeavoring to strengthen
foreign power in this hemisphere by
urging the abandonment of the Mon-
roe doctrine, the one thing which pre-
vents the British from seizing territory
in Central and South America.

If we understand our people, they
are as much opposed to the new Tories
as their grandfathers were to the old
Tories. There should be no room on
this continent for the enemies of our
government and its institutions. The
Tories who are carrying out the policy
of the foreign Shylocks are as obnoxious
as the Tories who sided with King
George.

What we need now is a revival of
the American spirit.

Let us have a Jeffersonian or a Jack-
sonian revival—in other words, a re-
vival of the genuine American senti-
ment. We can make ours the first na-
tion of the world if we are self-respect-
ing, true to ourselves and fearless in
maintaining our rights. It is time for
us to put other nations upon notice
that the American flag is the biggest
thing on this side of the globe and
must be respected.

Whenever the Monroe doctrine is
defied we should draw the sword if
the offending nation persists in its po-
licy.

In order to be a great nation we
must have our own financial, domestic
and foreign policy. If we yield to the
Tories who represent the money kings
and other monarchs of Europe, then
we waste all the blood and treasure
expended in the revolution.

Let us exalt the American name and
revive the American spirit, and guard
well the inheritance handed down by
the men who fought at Bunker Hill,
King's Mountain and New Orleans.
Down with the Tories, is as good a ra-
lying cry as it was a century ago. The
men who would plunge us into finan-
cial bondage to England, and give
that country the control of Spanish-
America are Tories of the worst type.
This country must be ruled by men
who, whether natives or foreigners,
are thoroughly American in sentiment.
—Atlanta Constitution.

The Nicaragua and Suez Canals.

Recognizing the construction of the
Nicaragua Canal as assured, the
Saturday Review undertakes to esti-
mate the amount of traffic which it
will command, and from this point of
view compares it with the Suez water-
way. It undoubtedly succeeds in prov-
ing that but a small part of the trade
of England, Germany, and France
with Asia and Australia will be di-
verted to the new route. But it fails to
appreciate the vast and constantly in-
creasing volume of commodities inter-
changed between the whole Pacific
coast of the New World and the
European countries mentioned, as well
as the actual and prospective com-
merce between our own Atlantic and
Gulf cities and the trade centres of the
western coast of this hemisphere from
Alaska to Valparaiso.

The advocates of the Nicaragua
Canal have never expected to obtain
any part of the trade between England
and the British India which is now
carried on by the Suez route. The dis-
tance from England to Bombay by way
of Suez is but 6,200 miles; by way of
Nicaragua it is 15,500 miles. To
Colombo the distances are 6,790 and
15,000 miles respectively; to Calcutta,
8,000 and 15,400 miles. To China,
also, and Japan, and all of the Aus-
tralian colonies, except New Zealand,
the distance from England is shorter
by way of the Suez than by way of
Nicaragua. To cite the exact figures,

the respective distances from England
by the two routes are, to Melbourne,
10,690 and 12,750 miles; to Hong
Kong, 9,990 and 13,550; to Shanghai,
10,700 and 12,750 miles; and even to
Yokohama, 11,740 and 11,950. To New
Zealand, indeed the distance from En-
gland will be curtailed by the Nicaragua
route, but only to the extent of 650
miles.

What is much more noteworthy than
the superiority of the Suez waterway
from an English point of view, is the
fact that the route around the Cape of
Good Hope has very little to fear from
the completion of the Nicaragua Canal.
With respect to only four of the above
named places in Asia and Australia
will the cutting of the Nicaraguan
isthmus affect any saving of mileage
over the Cape route. It will shorten
the voyage to Hong Kong by 150 miles;
that to New Zealand by 1,550 miles;
that to Shanghai by 1,750 miles, and
that to Yokohama by 3,950 miles. On
the other hand the Cape voyage to
Melbourne will be shorter than that via
Nicaragua by 1,250 miles; to Singa-
pore by 1,900 miles; to Calcutta by
3,900 miles; to Colombo by 4,900 miles,
and to Bombay by nearly 6,000 miles.
Thus, neither in peace time, nor war
time, that is to say, neither when the
Suez Canal is open, nor when British
vessels are compelled to revert to their
old route around the Cape of Good
Hope, can the Nicaragua Canal be ex-
pected to secure any material part of
the trade between England and her
subjects and customers in the east.

According to the Saturday Review,
a liberal estimate of the traffic to be
counted upon by the Nicaragua Canal
would place it at 3,500,000 tons, or less
than half the amount anticipated by
the promoters of the new waterway.
But these figures are arrived at through
the assumption that passenger steamers
plying from London to Valparaiso
and Callao will prefer to keep to the
route around Cape Horn, because they
have been in the habit of stopping at
Brazilian and La Plata ports. This
seems no less improbable than the ad-
ditional hypothesis that freight-carry-
ing vessels between New York and
San Francisco will continue to perform
the perilous Cape Horn voyage after
the Nicaragua isthmus shall have been
pierced.

We trust, however, that the British
Foreign Office may be convinced by
the arguments of the Saturday Review
that a Nicaragua canal will be of no
commercial importance to England.
Americans, for their part, are willing
to take the risk of drawing from it an
income commensurate to its cost, for
they know that on strategic grounds
alone such a canal would be of inesti-
mable value to this country. —N. Y.
Sun.

Gone Wrong.

Indications now are that the settle-
ment of Wm. Warmack, late collector
of this county, was not "all wool and
a yard wide."

On Wednesday, the 20th of March,
he made his final settlement with the
county court, and, to balance his ac-
counts, gave his personal check on the
Farmers & Merchants Bank, of this
place, for \$3,417.17. His accounts
were declared straight and Treasurer
J. E. Wynn gave him a receipt in full.
The next morning Mr. Warmack took
the train at Greenville, telling his wife
that he was going to Williamsville and
would return that evening, but when
he reached Williamsville he took the
first passenger train north, since which
time nothing has been heard from him.

Treasurer Wynn becoming uneasy
after his prolonged absence, concluded
he had better come over and have the
check cashed and placed to his credit.
He arrived here at noon last Thursday,
the 28th, and one can imagine his sur-
prise when he presented the check for
\$3,417.17 and was told by the cashier
that only \$20.23 stood on the bank's
books to Mr. Warmack's credit. Then
Mr. Warmack's prolonged absence
could be accounted for, and it was
soon circulated on the streets that Wm.
Warmack was "short" in his accounts
with the county and was a fugitive from
justice.

There seems to be a difference of
opinion whether Warmack's bondsmen
will have to bear the loss or whether
it will fall on Wynn and his bondsmen,
as it is said he gave Warmack a
clear receipt.

Wm. Warmack's bondsmen are H. N.
Holladay, Patrick Harmon, J. M. (Mon-
roe) Wilson, H. W. Ward, D. F.
Rhodes, A. T. Lacey and S. A. Harris.
The amount of the bond is \$30,000.
Mr. Warmack has been drinking
heavily of late, and was not a stranger
to the gaming table. The last time
he was here, a few days before his final
settlement, he was drinking consid-
erably and came near getting into a
serious difficulty with one of our pro-
minent citizens.

Wm. Warmack comes of a good fam-

ily, is well connected and has always
stood high in the estimation of the peo-
ple of this county; and why he should
commit such an offense as this which
wrecks his home, causes his relatives
and friends to blush and places his
bondsmen "in a hole," is beyond the
reason of a sound mind.

The occurrence is deeply deplored
by his friends. The county is safely
secured and will not lose a dollar by
his default. He has betrayed the
trust of friends and the county and
should be made to suffer the full pen-
alty of the law. "A public office is a
public trust," and he who is recreant
to his trust should suffer for it.

Detectives are on his track and it is
expected that he will soon be appre-
hended.

It is thought that he carried very
little money away with him, having
gotten away with it before his settle-
ment, and fled only to avoid arrest and
prosecution. —Fidmott Danner.

The Ironton Reading Club.

The Butterfly.

In the summer of 1874 my father,
being called east by his business affairs,
sent for me to take his place on our
cattle ranch on the western plains. I
must admit I was badly frightened. I
could not thoroughly acquainted with his
plans and the work required of me. I
had already spent several vacations
on the ranch and it was not a very dif-
ficult matter for me to superintend the
management of the ranch in father's
absence.

In September we rode over to the
nearest railway station, twenty miles
away, exchanged good-byes; and I rode
away with only the horses and my
thoughts for companions, making
many plans for the idle hours of win-
ter.

The boys and I became fast friends.
Many and bright were the stories told
by our roaring campfires while out on
the fall round-up.

After we had settled down for the
winter, as we were having most perfect
weather, I decided to put into opera-
tion one of the plans of which I have
already spoken. Being something of a
sailor, I was determined to turn my
knowledge to account. Ice boats with
sails are nothing unusual, but as there
were no lakes, these boats, during the
dry autumn and winter were not to be
thought of. A sailing wagon was the
thing. A light wagon was constructed
of ash, and white-pine was used for
the jib-boom, main and mizzen-masts;
the front of the wagon being pointed
like the bowsprit of a ship. The
wheels were the lightest obtainable at
the nearest town, and but three were
used, one in front and two at the rear
end. Running lengthwise in the wag-
on-bed was a stout piece of timber
which answered the purpose of a keel
in so far as the masts were attached to
it. The little wagon, when complete,
was exceedingly firm and well built,
in fact, it was a staunch, landworthy
little bark. We then rigged her up
lugsail-wise, and added a top-gallant
sail; and a fairer little schooner never
sailed the western prairies, nor a prou-
der master walked her deck. We named
her The Butterfly, and there seemed
no reason why she should not prove
a success; for the resistance of
earth to her wheels was not so great
as would have been the resistance of
water to a vessel carrying as much
sail. The crew consisted of the cap-
tain and one seaman. The boys quick-
ly learned to reef sails and tack with
the rapidity of practiced seamen, and
we soon had her running in fine order.

For a few weeks we sailed about the
ranch within a few miles of the shack.
After using the Butterfly for about a
month, we ventured a trip to town.
People rushed out of shops and resi-
dences gazing after us in open-mouthed
astonishment as we danced down the
broad main street before a stiff breeze.
Horses snorted and tugged at their hal-
ters, dogs tucked their tails and scur-
ried off around the corners, a mob of
boys endeavored to follow us, but our
speed was such that they were soon
left behind, where they talked over
the strange apparition in loud and ex-
cited voices.

After this trip we were notified by
the town authorities that our visits
were undesirable, owing to the vast
number of runaways we had caused and
our dangerous speed. Therefore, they
most politely requested us to tie up
our animated wagon at the town lim-
its, when we came in trading.

This we did thereafter to the entire
satisfaction of all concerned.

When winter came and the prairies
were covered with snow, we put our
wagon on runners, took off the jib and
top-gallant sails and even then our
speed was something marvelous.

I had made the acquaintance of a
young lady in the railroad town which
I have mentioned as being twenty miles
distant. One of the boys had a sweet-
heart in this same town of Dugout, and
we thought the girls would enjoy a sail
over the snow. We would be unable
to leave the ranch till noon, when we
would sail over, get the girls, take them
for a long ride, and get them home in
time for supper, after which we would
return to the ranch by moonlight. We
got the girls, taking with us another
young lady who was visiting my friend;
and the fire of us made a lively crowd,
I can assure you.

The third young lady was an eastern
girl who knew nothing about ranch
life, and she evinced such an inter-
est in the subject that we suggested that
they go out to the ranch, have supper
there, and return after moon-rise.
They agreed and we were into port—
as we expressed it—at eight bells.
The cook said afterward that he put
the big pot into the little one and threw
the spoon out the window, which was

his way of saying that he got a dandy
supper.

People are always accusing west-
erners of spicing their language with
slang. Unless I am mistaken, the
above is my first fall from grace in
that particular—while telling this sto-
ry. I hope you may follow the bright
example of Rip Van Winkle and not
count this time.

The moon rose at seven o'clock,
when we started back to town with the
girls snuggled in robes and blank-
ets, and our rifles tucked away in the
bottom of the sleigh. It was necessary
to go armed as there was just a possi-
bility of seeing wolves, as they had be-
come rather daring lately. It was not
probable that they would make their
appearance, however.

The Butterfly, as she flew before the
breeze with every stitch of canvas set,
was a beauty certainly, and enough to
make even a land-lubber's heart swell
with pride.

We had not been out more than ten
minutes before we heard a long-drawn,
dismal howl away to our right. Jack
and I exchanged glances. Again came
that wailing sound, but this time from
the opposite direction. The wolves
were evidently signaling to each other.
Helen leaned forward and asked me if
my rifle was loaded. I answered in the
affirmative and all were silent for a
time, listening to the howling of the
wolves which seemed to be drawing
steadily nearer. We had never tested
the speed of the sleigh, but knew it
could easily outstrip a horse. The
fact that a wolf also travels faster than
a horse did not bother us much, for
we felt sure they could not overtake us
unless something unforeseen hap-
pened. The only advantage the brutes
had was that they were ahead of us,
but that only added the requisite spice
of danger to the trip. The mournful
howls grew steadily nearer and just as
we appeared to be about opposite them,
the mizzen-mast fell with a crash bury-
ing Jack under the folds of canvas. I
must admit I was badly frightened.

The Butterfly's speed lessened consid-
erably and as the wind was now blow-
ing steadily nearer. We had never tested
the speed of the sleigh, but knew it
could easily outstrip a horse. The
fact that a wolf also travels faster than
a horse did not bother us much, for
we felt sure they could not overtake us
unless something unforeseen hap-
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the mizzen-mast fell with a crash bury-
ing Jack under the folds of canvas. I
must admit I was badly frightened.

The air resounded with the snaps
and snarls of the pack as they fought
over their late comrades. We gained
half a mile before they took up the
chase again and when we were within
a mile of town, the performance was
repeated. Again came the crack of
the rifles, again the pack stopped to
perform the wofly burial rites over
their companions, and when they were
ready to take up the chase again, we
had entered the town.

Our eastern friend had seen more of
ranch life than she had wished and
that was our last moonlight ride in the
Butterfly, until we had made some
marked improvements in her rigging.

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